Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood

To Marjorie

From Mrs Burton

Xmas 1913.

M. D. Bedford

PLEASANT TRAGEDIES OF CHILDHOOD

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MCMV

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Mysterious Ailment

A dreadful state they've gotten in,
  Because I scream and beg
For them to find a safety-pin
  That's sticking in my leg!
I wish another child would come,
And help to educate them some!

MOTHER'S GUIDE

The Bath

Great Bottles! The question that's vexing her head
Strikes *me* as especially weighty;
Was it eighty degrees that the doctor said,
Or was it one hundred and eighty?
The very idea of it fills me with wrath—
At my time of life to be boiled in a bath!

The First Tooth

If this keeps up, I'll wish, forsooth,
I hadn't ever grown a tooth.
At any rate, 'twould make me glad
If one is all I ever had!
They open up my mouth this way
About a hundred times a day

F Y CORY

The First Lock of Hair

My mother fusses every day
To fix me up some different way.
I've no desire to be a sham—
I think I'm nicest as I am!
And if she wants my hair to curl,
Why don't she swap me for a girl?

RESULT

The First Colic

Why can't they stop the horrid pain
That's in my tummy? But instead
Of listening while I explain,
They're wrapping ice around my head.
They think, because I'm howling mad,
I've got brain-fever; wish I had!

CASTOR
OIL

His Many Clothes

When we're alone, and no one knows,
My mother cries, in glee,
"We'll try on *all* your pretty clothes—
What fun it's going to be!"
But I decide, when all is done,
It's not my way of having fun.

FYCORY

After Which Grandfather Shall He be Named?

You'd think, while they're trying to find me a name,
That *I'd* have a right to a part in the game!
For most of the morning my father has said
Just nothing but Aaron, while mother, instead,
Would settle *her* family name on my head;
Meanwhile they forget that I haven't been fed!

At the Party

I found one night, when I awoke,
  They'd brought me down the stair
To show me to some noisy folk
  Who were all eating there.
Such silly things they did and said,
  I cried the louder for my bed.

When Grandma Comes

There's never any noise or fuss
When Grandma comes to visit us.
She always knows just what to do,
For me and for my mother too.
And it's so peaceful here at rest,
All snuggled up against her breast.

F. TYLORY

Baby Visits His Little Cousins

When they left baby in our care,
We showed him better ways to talk;
And if they'd left him longer there,
We would have taught him how to walk.
Why, with a very few more chances,
We'd teach him tricks and songs and dances!

Supplanted

Seems zif everything nice is done
  Just for that newest kid.
Once, when *I* was the youngest one,
  I never got spanked or chid.
I've pricked his leg with a pin, for fun,—
  I'm awfully glad I did.

The Occasional Anguish of Bedtime

When it is sister's party night,
  It's hard to have to go
Straight off to bed. It isn't right!
  You'd think they'd oughter know–
Er maybe no one loves us, and
  That's why they treat us so.

Running Away from Home

I was so certain yesterday
It would be fun to run away;
It never once occurred to me
How dreadful lonesome it would be.
And if this really is a cow
I'll hurry home to mother now.

Her First Day at School

I never was at school before,
  And oh! I wish that I
Could go inside somewhere and hide,
  I'm so afraid I'll cry.
I know those children at the door
Are laughing at me more and more.

Speaking Her First Piece

It's hard, when I'm dressed up so nice,
And have my piece so well prepared,
To have them be as still as mice,
And know that I am getting scared.
You can't expect a child like me
To know her pieces perfectly.

His First Love Affair

I told Eliza Mary Ann
We'd marry when I was a man.
I told her just how glad she'd be
To marry such a man as me.
But now we've quarrelled, guess that I
Will go to war, an' maybe die.

F. Y. CORY

When the Painters Were at Work

Wasn't it nice of the painter-man
To leave this elegant brush and can?
He'd never guess, if he should come,
Just who had been and borrowed some.
Although it *partly* might explain,
If baby goes and has a pain!

GREEN

On the Farm

Last time we visited the farm
It would 've made you laugh;
We thought it really wouldn't harm
To harness up the calf.
I guess we wasn't laughing then—
And we won't try it soon again!

Playing Circus

We're planning for a circus—
It's the nicest kind of play,
We hope that some grown-ups 'll come,
'Cause they have got to pay.
The wild-man *really* howls because he thinks it isn't fun;
And you just better wait until the tight-rope act's begun!

THIS IS A
OSTRICH
WILD MAN

It Rains on the Day of the Picnic

It's raining—raining hard as cats an' dogs,
It always did when days we planned for came.
I wish that we were ducks or little frogs,
Then we could have our picnic just the same.
It seems zif little children's pleasure days
Could be put off in such a lot of ways.

Playing in the Barn

The barn's the nicest place to play—
I guess 'twas *meant* for little boys;
You shout and tumble in the hay,
With nobody to mind the noise.
And there's an awful dang'rous swing
That flies as high as anything!

Playing Hospital

Some day I'll be a doctor-man,
So now I practise all I can.
We caught the cat, and Rover too,
And tried to act as doctors do.
But baby yelled and spoiled it all,
By bringing aunty from the hall.

KEROSENE

Brother Gets His Picture Taken

He felt quite miser'ble, I know,
  Dressed in his Sunday best;
They pinched his head and sat him so
  He was uncomfyest.
An' then that silly picture-man
Said, "Look as pleasant as you can!"

Thanksgiving Eve

It's lots more fun to eat a pie
When grown-ups are not sitting by;
And jam and tarts and all such stuff—
Then you can really eat enough.
But we're afraid there's much too few
For now and for to-morrow too!

In the Winter Time

Oh, winter time is extra nice—
We run and slide upon the ice,
Or build a snow-man fat and tall;
But coasting is the best of all.
The baby is so soft and plump,
We put him first in case we bump.

A Christmas Tragedy

Some day I'll play with the drum, of course,
But now I can only see
How cousin Harold has got the horse
That Santa Claus promised me!

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